

The Tragedie

Come shall wee goe along?

*Enter Sir Richard Ratcliffe, with the Lord Rivers*

*Gray and Vaughan, prisoners,*

*Rat.* Come bring forth the prisoners.

*Riv.* Sir Richard Ratcliffe, let me tell thee this:

To day thou shalt behold a subiect die,

For truth for duty and for loyalty.

*Gray.* God keepe the Prince from all the packe of you:

A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.

*Riv.* O Pomfret, Pomfret. O thou bloody prison,

Fatall and ominous to noble Peares:

Within the guilty closure of thy walles

*Richard* the second heere was hackt to death:

And for more slaunder to thy dismall soule,

We giue thee vp our guilelesse blood to drinke.

*Gray.* Now *Margrets* curse it false vpon our heads,

For standing by, when *Richard* stabd her sonne.

*Riv.* Then curst she *Hastings*, then curst she *Buckingham*,

Then curst she *Richard*. O remember God,

To heare her prayers for them as now for vs,

And for my sister and her princely sonne:

Be satisfied deare God with our true bloods.

Which as thou knowest vniustly must be spilt.

*Rat.* Come, come, dispatch, the limit of your liues is out.

*Riv.* Come *Gray*, come *Vaughan*, let vs all imbrace

And take our leaues vntill we meete in heauen. *Exeunt.*

*Enter the Lords to counsell.*

*Hast.* My Lords at once, the cause why wee are met,

Is to determine of the Coronation.

In Gods name say when is this royall day?

*Buc.* Are all things fitting for that royall time?

*Dar.* It is, and let but nomination.

*Bish.* To morrow then, I gesse a happy time.

*Buc.* Who knowes the Lord *Protectors* minde herein?

Who is most inward with the noble Duke? *his minde*

*Bish.* Why you my L. me thinks you should soonest know

*Buc.* Who I my Lord? we know each others faces:

But for our hearts, he knowes no more of mine,

Then I of yours: nor I no more of his, then you of mine.

*Lord*

of Richard the Third

*Lord Hastings*, you and he are neere in lo

*Hast.* I thanke his grace, I know he lo

But for his purpose in the Coronation

I haue not sounded him, nor he deliuered

His graces pleasure any way therein:

But you my L. may name the time,

And in the Dukes behalfe Ile giue my ve

Which I presume he will take in good pa

*Bish.* Now in good time heere comes th

*Enter Gloucester.*

*Glo.* My noble L. and counsels all good

I haue bene long a sleepe, but now I hop

My absence doth neglect no great design

Which by my presence might haue been

*Buc.* Had not you come vpon your kewe

*William L.* *Hastings* had now pronounst

I meane your voyce from crowning of th

*Glo.* Then my L. *Hastings*, no man mig

His Lordship knowes me well, and loues

*Hast.* I thanke your grace.

*Glo.* My Lord of *Elie*.

*Bish.* My Lord,

*Glo.* When I was last in Holborne,

I saw good strawberries in your garden th

I doe beseech you send for some of them.

*Bish.* I goe my Lord.

*Glo.* Cousen *Buckingham*, a word with

*Catesby* hath sounded *Hastings* in our bu

And findes the testy gentleman so hore,

As he will loose his head ere giue consent,

His maisters sonne as worshipfull he term

Shall loose the royalty of *Englands* thron

*Buc.* Withdraw you hence my L. Ile foll

*Dar.* We haue not yet set downe this day

To morrow in mine opinion is too soone:

For I my selfe am not so well prouided,

As else I would be, were the day prolong

*Enter the Bishop of Elie.*

*Bish.* Where is my L. *Protector*, I haue se

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